

Two Nights in June.

The words echoed idly in Brunton's mind, as, escaping by favor of a French case, he found himself in the pleasant room, he found himself in the pleasant room. Softly the thrill of the distant music rose and fell upon the still air. Less tunefully sounded the near hum of conversation and laughter. Glancing back toward the lighted windows, the vague yearning for sympathy that had lain like a cord round his heart all day gripped him close. Then an affected laugh stung his ear, and Brunton turned ashen toward solitude. Under his feet lay the smooth grass of the trim lawn. Overhead was the blue black summer sky, star-flecked and cloudless. Lower the fairy lights, red, green and gold, twinkled like jewels among the dark foliage. About him hung the fragrance of heliotrope.

Brunton was young; his soul, new-fledged, was immature, nebulous, and his emotions were still of the crudest. Yet as he looked skyward his spirit ebbed at the thought of leaving so much beauty and sweetness for—he knew not what. To-morrow he would leave England to join his regiment, and few seemed to know or care. For the first time he felt constrained to mourn the lack of near relatives to fuss and weep over his departure. His coming to Mrs. Derrick's "At Home" had been a mistake, too. Having a few hours to fill in, he had come with the idea that it would pass the time pleasantly. Now he felt annoyed at his folly in so doing.

Taking out a cigar he lit a match, which a sportive zephyr playfully extinguished. Among the shadows hid a rustic arbor, and stepping inside the shelter of its doorway he struck a fresh cigar. Flaring up brightly it revealed, huddled close to the back of the arbor, a shivering girl in form.

For one startled moment his keen gray eyes looked amazement into frightened blue ones.

The girl's face, set in an aureole of golden hair, was especially to him. "Oh, please, please, don't get away from me. I only came out here to get away from the people."

"Did you? Well, I say, that should be a bond of union between us, for so did I."

The dying flicker of the wax match saw an expression of relief cross the girl's face. "And you don't tell anybody about my coming out here. It would seem so rude to Mrs. Derrick, you know."

"Not a soul, honor bright! But surely you didn't leave the house to crouch up here in the dark?"

"Oh, no! It was lovely among the stars and flowers and things; then I heard some one coming, and ran in here till he should go past, and so you caught me."

"He could tell that she was smiling a little now, though there was still a little hesitating catch in her voice."

"Won't you come walking again?" He was longing to see her. The darkness of the summer house was tantalizing, and chivalry rebelled at the rudeness of striking another light.

"And will you smoke?" she asked, rising, in reply to the query, and walking to the door.

"No, thanks, I don't care to now. Suppose we stroll around?"

The starlight that revealed to Sylvia a soldierly form, with short-cropped dark hair, and a quite perceptible mustache, showed Brunton a petite figure, whose robe of shimmering white satin draped loosely from the old lace that outlined its square-cut bodice, a string of pearls around the slender neck—the only ornament.

For a moment convention triumphed, and they were bashful together. Thereafter the influence of the June night prevailed, and they inclined to confidences. Before they had completely encircled the lawn Sylvia knew that Brunton was a soldier, that to-morrow he would sail for India to join his regiment. "P. and O. China, awfully jolly deck cabin to myself." And here they emerged from the long archway of roses Brunton knew that this was Sylvia's first party, that she was an orphan, and lived with her grandmother. That at that moment her grandmother was playing whist in Mrs. Derrick's ante-drawing-room; that Sylvia herself passed endless evenings playing whist with grandmother, Mrs. Dawson, the companion and a dummy. Also that a look in grandmother's eyes which seemed to hold a suggestion that in the event of no better partner being forthcoming Sylvia might be called upon to make up a set had led to Sylvia's taking refuge in the garden; thus showing that out of her narrower life the woman had the more to tell.

"And you have never been anywhere?" This plying, from the height of his experiences, which were yet to come.

"No, never. We always go to Torquay in winter, but that's nearly just the same as being at home. Do you know, I've never once been out of doors at night before?"

"Not even to a theatre?"

"Poor little girl, I say!"—struck by a sudden idea—"your guardian will be some time over whist, won't he?"

"Why, yes. The game has just begun, and they won't finish under a rubber."

"Well, suppose I take you somewhere for half an hour or so—to a theatre or music hall? My cab is waiting."

"Oh! A gasp of delight followed by the inevitable, "But would it not be wrong?" and "I can't go dressed like this."

"Man-like, Brunton rode rough-shod over both scruples."

"Oh, nobody will know. Wait here a moment, while I run to the house and forage for wraps."

Leaving Sylvia in the safe seclusion of the arbor, he vanished, returning speedily, clad in light top-coat and crush hat, and bearing a heavy cloak of velvet and furs.

"That!" breathed Sylvia, in a horrified whisper, when he showed his spool. "Why, you've brought grandmother's sable mantle."

"Oh, think of all right, so long as it's big enough," replied her fellow-sinner, with a man's easy indifference to aught but utility.

And as to the encompassing capacity of the matter there could be no doubt. Swallowed up therein, all that was visible of Sylvia was a pair of wonderful blue eyes and a tuft of golden hair at one end and two tiny white teeth slippers at the other.

To Sylvia's hansom was a chariot sent direct from fairyland for her conveyance to some enchanted world. The gauzy and glitter of the London night delighted and amazed her. At Piccadilly Circus Sylvia was entranced, in Leicester Square she was in ecstacy, and when, having reached the magic region of a curtained box, she could gaze across a valley of dim, smoke-wreathed figures, which the moving marvel of form and color defined as a ballet, she acted and moved as though in a dream-land.

What they witnessed need not be detailed. It is not written in the daily papers? Suffice it to tell that Sylvia remained oblivious to all of Brunton's blinks as to the issues of time, until he murmured that the hour neared eleven.

Safely in the hansom cab, speeding homeward, Sylvia returned to earth again, and sighed at that she felt like Cinderella at having to leave the ball at its height. And Brunton tentatively suggested that there had been no prince

at her ball; whereupon Sylvia avowed hastily that of course he was the prince—then faltered and blushed. After that it must be confessed that the trees fringing Regent's Park witnessed some callow love-making.

Yes, Sylvia was sorry, very, very sorry, he was going, and perhaps, when he returned in three years he would have forgotten her? And Brunton was equally convinced of his own faithfulness, but feared the strain of time and absence on her.

Brunton thought he would like their next meeting to take place, as this one had, in a garden; and Sylvia remembered that a certain green door in the high wall enclosing her grandmother's grounds opened on a quiet side road. It was quite near; they could drive round that way and she would point it out.

Thereafter the stars witnessed a solemn compact that that day three years, at the same hour, Sylvia would unlock the green door to give Brunton entrance.

Thus were very much in earnest. Two real tears glistened in Sylvia's eyes as she spoke of the years that the green door must remain closed. And Brunton's voice got husky, and he had difficulty in rendering his farewells as manly as he would have wished. So, as he came young lovers, were the twin delightfully disconsolate.

Re-entering Mrs. Derrick's garden cautiously, the culprits had scarce gained the safe vaultage of the shrubbery before encountering an emissary in search of Sylvia. Lady Martingale was going, had been going for quite ten minutes, and both her cloak and her granddaughter were to seek!

Athwart the little green door the moonlight glistened softly, and Brunton, standing in the near shadow of an ilex, would willingly have dropped the coming hour out of his life.

Since his return to England, a few days before, the memory of this approaching assignment had persistently returned to him. As a man of honor, he knew he dare not shirk it. And yet how painful to be forced to see Sylvia, to look into those innocent, trusting eyes, for of her constancy he had no doubt—and confess how he had changed, and to tell boldly that their meeting had proved but an incident, of no moment in the ordering of his life.

He must undeceive her as tenderly as possible, speak of Eleanor regretfully, at least not let Sylvia guess how entirely happy their union was, or that she, Sylvia, had long ago ceased to be aught but a pretty, sentimental remembrance to him.

Even as he schooled himself a distant clock struck the hour, and with the faint chiming came the stealthy sound of an opening lock. She was there!

Gently, turning the handle, he passed through the green door and entered Lady Martingale's garden. Beside the great stone basin the old fountain stood Sylvia, the moonlight sparkling on her hair, and adding an ethereal glamor

disconcerting, but he doggedly stumbled on.

"And, Sylvia, I wish to tell you—I know it seems mean and cruel—but last year I met Eleanor, and—"

"Hush!" interrupted Sylvia, suddenly raising her hand, and turning in an attitude of listening expectancy toward the lighted windows of the house visible across the expanse of lawn.

As they paused, mute from an open casement came a feeble cry—vague, plaintive, sending its message into the night.

Sylvia's eyes sought Brunton's—his wondering, hers lambent with maternal ecstasy.

"My baby!" she said.

"MARRY STUART BOYD, in Black and White."

Chicago Journal: Mrs. Dayton, of Highland Park, had just engaged a new cook. The addition to the ser-

vant's looked promising as she came in, arrayed in all her finery, and waited for "the missus" to talk with her before going to work.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Dayton.

"Lay-ou-rie, ma'am," replied the culinary expert.

"Lay-ou-rie!" exclaimed the lady of the house. "What a peculiar name! I never heard it before in my life. Is that a nickname or was it given you when you were christened?"

"It's my real name," said Lay-ou-rie. "I've gone by it all my life."

"How in the world did you come to have it?" was asked.

"My mother got it out of a novel," said Lay-ou-rie.

Mrs. Dayton finally asked her to write it. After much hard work the owner of the name wrote out, in a cramped hand, "L-a-y-o-u-r-i-e."

"Why, that's pronounced 'Laura,'" said Mrs. Dayton.

"Well, I don't know about that, ma'am," said the new cook. "My ma never heard it before, and she called it 'Lay-ou-rie.' I've been Lay-ou-rie for thirty-seven years, and I s'pose now it's too late to make a change."

So "Lay-ou-rie" she remained.

A HOUSEHOLD necessity, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

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To Whom It May Concern.

Strong words of endorsement for Pe-ru-na, and for the manufacturers of Pe-ru-na, from prominent officials of its home city.



Hon. Samuel L. Black, Mayor of Columbus, O., whose picture adjoins this paragraph, writes the following letter:

EXECUTIVE DEPT., CITY OF COLUMBUS.

To whom it may concern:

I can most cheerfully recommend Pe-ru-na as of the very greatest possible benefit in cases of catarrh and other diseases of the mucous membrane. This remedy has established itself in the minds of the people as of the greatest possible worth and genuineness. I have known Dr. Hartman for a number of years, and am pleased to say that he is one of the leading citizens of this city, a man of the very highest standing and character in the community.

Respectfully, SAMUEL L. BLACK.



Col. Arthur L. Hamilton, commanding officer of the Seventeenth Infantry Ohio National Guard, whose residence is at 300 West First Avenue, Columbus, O., bears witness to the efficiency of Pe-ru-na. Here is Colonel Hamilton's letter and picture.

COLUMBUS, O., May 18, 1897.

Dr. S. B. Hartman.

DEAR SIR:—Besides having the merits of Pe-ru-na so fully demonstrated in my family, I have a number of friends who have taken it for catarrh and stomach trouble, and all unite in praising it. As a remedy for summer and winter catarrh I can fully recommend it.

ANTHUS L. HAMILTON.



From the Hon. Samuel J. Swartz, Police Judge, Columbus, O.

STATE OF OHIO,

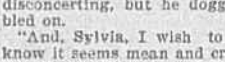
SUPREME COURT LAW LIBRARY,

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 15, 1897.

Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen:—The result of using Pe-ru-na has been so gratifying to me that I cannot but congratulate you on the success of your remedy. Your high standing in the business community, and your conducting this great enterprise, prepared me to expect a meritorious article only, from your establishment, but its real worth is best demonstrated by its use.

Respectfully, SAMUEL J. SWARTZ.



Ask your druggist for a free Pe-ru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

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FAMILIAR WITH BUT TWO SPOTS

Either of These was Within His Facile Comprehension.

Washington Star: "Here we are!" exclaimed the gushful young woman. "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore!"

"I—er—understand that you had just been to Philadelphia," said Colonel Stillwell, who had met her at the depot.

"Do you allude to Philadelphia as a foreign shore?"

"No, but I could not restrain my enthusiasm as I thought of the dear old spot from which I had been separated for four long days. Tell me, colonel, isn't there some dear old spot that you long for and which it would fill you with happiness to see once more?"

"I beg pardon!" exclaimed her escort, whose eyes had wandered to the world outside the street car. The colonel never

because thou hast come to me instead of relying on thine own resources of strength. Barnes, the daughter of Zion: In herself weak and helpless, yet held the threat of the Assyrian in scorn and contempt. Pentecost, whom hast thou reproached: A direct message to the Assyrian in which God rebukes him for his blasphemies. Ibid. Thine arrogance has come up into mine ears: R. V. God speaks to Sennacherib as an insulted master would speak to a puffed-up servant. White. The remnant shall take root: The population shall increase and the desolations of the sword shall be forgotten. Clarke. Zeal of the Lord: We think ourselves unworthy that God should do great things for us, but his own zeal performs it. Henry. I will defend: Notwithstanding all Hezekiah had done to put it in a posture of defense, Jehovah alone could preserve it. Barnes. When they arose behold, they were all dead: Those who were spared until morning and then first became aware of what had taken place. Bib. Com.

The Teachers Quiver.

1. An ex-rector of an American university once said: "Nature knows no difference between cursing and praying." Had he lived in Hezekiah's day he would have told the king it would be immaterial whether he went to the wall to curse his enemy, or to the temple to pray to God. But a diviner wisdom actuated the king. The sequel proved it better to pray than to curse.

2. There are some analogies to the defeat of Sennacherib—Shoo-shakes over-whelming Napoleon in Russia, and the wind and wave of the Spanish Armada.

3. The Lord defended Jerusalem from David's siege. Thus a patriot projects himself into the future of his country and centring a living force making for its welfare.

Hacking COUGH

A hacking cough is a grave-yard cough; the sooner you get rid of it the better. Don't wait until it develops into consumption, but use the cough-brated Dr. John W. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

It remedies all throat and lung affections, and will cure a deep-seated cough or cold in a few days.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Will cure a Hacking Cough.

Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

Family Resemblances.

Chicago Tribune: "This is Mr. Highbones, is it not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I should have known you by your resemblance to your little daughter. I am Miss Billings, her teacher."

"Glad to know you, Miss Billings. Yes, I am often told that Kitty is remarkably like me."

"I regret to have to tell you, Mr. Highbones, that she doesn't learn well at all. I doubt if she will be able to keep up with her class."

"I am sorry to hear that. I was about to say, Miss Billings, that in many respects Kitty takes after my wife's people."

DR. BULL'S Cough Syrup will cure a cough or cold in one day. It is safe and always reliable. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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ENGLISH DOWN IN ENGLAND.

Verbalism Language Used by a Ticket Agent of the Underground.

Weekly Telegraph: An American lady who recently visited London writes: You are apt to begin finding out the dissimilarity between English as it ought to be spoken and English as it is spoken the first time you go shopping in London.

In traveling it is worse, even when you are undertaking such a sample of a journey as a trip on the Underground—or must one say in the Underground? Or with the Underground? At any rate it is a railroad a little quicker than the busses and a little slower than walking, unless you just make connections. It is like this:

You—A ticket, please.

He—Wot fur? (He means to what place.)

You—I want to take the elevated for—

He—Wot s'y, lady? (What did you say, lady?)

You—The elevated for—

He—Never heard of the name. Maybe you mean Elephant and Castle; that's bus line.

You—No, I want a railroad ticket.

He—Oh, railway; you mean Underground.

You—(doubtfully, as you look at the long stairs you must climb over to get to the "Underground" and hear a train thunder overhead)—Well, yes, Underground.

He—What fur?

You—Why, to get up town.

He—(exasperatedly)—Where do you want to go? (Impolitely) "Urry up, lady, don't dilly all day."

You—Notting "ill or Notting "ill Ghyte Station?

You—(at a venture)—Ghyte Station, I think.

He—Looks at you sourly, and you return the look blandly, unconscious that you have in his face mimicked his cock-nification of the words Gate Station.

He—What claws?

You—(like all American tourists)—First, please.

He—Return ticket?

You—Return? No, I want to go there.

He—(sarcastically)—Lynte you nudder coming back agayne? If you h'are don't you want a return?

You—Oh, a round trip; yes, of course.

He—(staring you hard, meaning here is the ticket) and 'ere's your change. Mykyste.

This last word, translated into American-English, means make haste. And you, as you frantically sweep up an unshining six-pence and three sorts of coppers into your purse, wish to say that you are making haste. But unconsciously dropping into a Londonese dialect you ejaculate: "I am a-myking hyste."

The International Sunday School Lesson.

Nov. 1, 1898. 2 Kings XIX, 20-37.

The Assyrian Invasion.

Our paragraph is fairly studded with antitheses. They are undesigned, perhaps unnoticed by the writer. First, we have a king praying to God and receiving assurance of deliverance. While another king is slain at the feet of the idol he is worshipping. The omnipotence of Jehovah stands over against the impotence of Nisroch. The character of the two kings is also in contrast. Hezekiah was unique for goodness. "After him was none like him among the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him." While Sennacherib was a boastful, cruel, pagan conqueror. Two nations also stand in opposition. Assyria six centuries old and stretching from the Caspian to the Mediterranean, vast and invincible, while Judah appears a toy kingdom "in comparison. Two methods of warfare strangely unlike, next attract our attention. One is represented by arrow, shield and mound; the other is prayer; the appeal of a good king to the God of nations in behalf of his imperiled capital and kingdom. . . . History affords no finer example of the utility of prayer. Hezekiah's position was hopeless from a natural standpoint. His resources were contemptible, his allies already defeated. The world-conqueror was only forty miles away and already calling for the surrender of his citadel. It was then that the good king laid hold of the "truest weapon"—prayer. He wielded it, how successfully, the sacred narrative shows. With the shattered remnant of the cohorts which once "gleamed in purple and gold" the humiliated monarch withdrew to his capital and later met with his tragic fate.

Because thou hast prayed: Because thou hast come to me instead of relying on thine own resources of strength. Barnes, the daughter of Zion: In herself weak and helpless, yet held the threat of the Assyrian in scorn and contempt. Pent